











**ODE**  
**TO**  
**KING—EMPEROR GEORGE V.**  
**AND**  
**QUEEN—EMPRESS MARY.**

**On the Occasion of Coronation**

**BY**  
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*Edward VII, Lord Curzon, Balika-bikash,  
Sita &c.*

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## PREFACE.

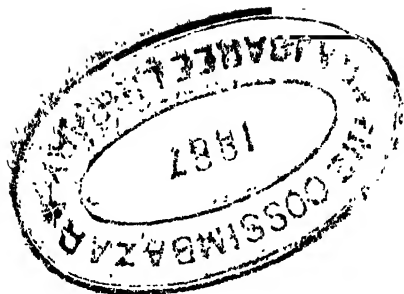
Oh what a day of rejoicing it is ! every loyal subject of their Majesty's vast Indian Empire is eager to express his hearty greetings and unspeakable joy on this momentous occasion and this poor lady takes this golden opportunity to pay her tribute of respect and dedicate her devotional lays to the benign sovereign, whose visit sanctifies the holy land of India. May the Emperor and Empress live long in peace and glory ! may an uninterrupted happiness mark His Majesty's brilliant and prosperous rule. The kind visit of Emperor and Empress on land of natural beauty this land of sages and hermits opens no doubt a new chapter of Indian History and seems to be a prologue of the golden age which the advancement of Civilization and learning and happy British rule is working for.

I am much indebted to two gentlemen for the translation and publication of the book and heartily thank them for their kindness and help in my loyal and devotional undertaking.

A POOR LADY.







## DEDICATION.

Whom to dedicate this humble ballad,  
I could not guess nor could I find ;  
Till the beaming light from heart within,  
Showed me the way and composed my mind.

If Gods are pleased at devotion shown,  
At worship offered in various ways ;  
Then, why should I cherish a doubt and fear  
To dedicate to King my devotional lays.

The Gods are invisible, we cannot see,  
The king is God in human form ;  
Our revered father, an impartial lord,  
Whose protection we get in wordly storm.

Accept my ballad, Oh gracious king !  
Oh mighty monarch, how can I meet !  
An universal glee passes o'er the land,  
My heart leaps to see thy royal feet.

## EMPEROR GEORGE V.

The glowing sun I see at morn,  
His splendour and glory how often I think,  
My dreams do varnish, I find at last  
The glory of our king doth make him shrink.

Eagerly eagerly the sun doth see  
The generous monarch's gracious deed.  
The wind doth blow, the rivulet flow,  
All to be in ecstasy seems indeed.

Hast thou heard any tidings good

Which make such jocund, Oh ye wind !  
Your touch so sweet and pleasant seems,  
To refresh the body and cheer the mind.

Sings morning hymn the flying bird

In joy forgets to search its food  
Leaving the young ones in nest behind.  
Where ye go in cheerful mood ?

Oh what power in morn the river shows

It does not chatter but proudly says,  
“Whose fortune it is like that of me  
To carry the jewel of wondrous rays ?”

The beauteous tree wafts to and fro,

Allowing none to pluck its fruit ;  
It is her privilege she takes delight  
To offer presents at the Royal feet.

*Emperor George V.*

The blooming flowers bedewed and pure,  
As if inclining to go to some temple holy.  
Fearing the scorching rays of the noontime sun,  
Desire to salute the king a little early.

All seem joyful at this news  
Waste no time to worship the king inclined,  
In state and dress as they remain,  
Like to worship Durga when she came in Ind.

The kitchen maid in kitchen house  
Left the rice juice and curry,  
Some while adjusting the precious hair  
Left it unfinished and went on hurry.

Some for bath went down in tank

But before the bathing was complete,  
Hurried on being wet all o'er  
Dropped the water from pot and sheet.

Some went on not caring at all

To wear ornaments in places fit,  
Some put earring in the nose  
Hanged the necklace on the wrist.

Although the mirror was before

She could not paint vermillion right,  
One thing for the other thought  
As if night for day and dark for light.

Asked the husband for the betel  
Wife gave him something else ;  
What the matter, how is that ?  
He failed to make out real sense.

• All in haste, even mother left  
The child sucking from her breast ;  
The birds soared high to see the Goddess  
Without fear, without rest.

At your visit Oh ye prince ! .  
People care not dress to choose ;  
The old and young are all in haste  
The precious moments none can lose.



All in glee and out of sense,  
In anxious mind to see the king ;  
The blind and crippled desire at heart  
To see your feet oh Divine being.

The king is God, the Shastra says,  
It is a virtue to worship him day and night,  
If good luck has brought his Majesty here  
Let not ill-luck deprive us of his sight.

Oh what a pleasure the mother feels  
In getting back her missing child ?  
The ill-fated man to death sentenced  
If the Judge on him be kind.

*Emperor George V.*

The argosis of magic sails

If from drowning by chance be saved,

Oh what a pleasure the merchant takes

From depth of despair to hope being raised.

The female diseased and poverty depressed

To heighten the misery if she has none ;

Neither parents, sisters and brothers

The extremest calamity if husband be gone.

If by chance such a wretched lay

In the midst of darkness sees the light

Her dearest dear the husband comes

Like the hidden moon appearing to sight.

If the fortune turns her wondrous wheel  
And man be destined to lose his fame  
His wealth unbounded, name wide spread  
Being merged to poverty and put to shame.

Oh what a fall from height of power  
Who can imagine his pain severe ?  
If such a man does get his lift  
Oh what a pleasure does he share !

Man like karna regaining wealth  
How does his heart in earth rejoice  
Oh what a mirth fills the heart  
Of the singer regaining voice

*Emperor George V.*

If the wrath of Heaven stares

The earth does quake and storm does blow

And panic plays in every heart

And volcanoes in flushes glow.

If such disasters by grace of Heaven

Vanish and all the people do but smile

The aggregate of all those pleasures

Scatter lights all the while.

The people run the king to see,

Where is prince our Emperor Great

When shall we salute his Royal feet

Thus their feelings do they state.

The best of pilgrimage is there,  
Where sits Jagannath on precious throne  
The sight of whom makes us pure within.  
Where no distinction of caste is known.

There at the time of car-festival  
When the God in showering blessing goes  
The rich and poor while touching the car  
A deep devotion each one shows.

Similarly, oh king, when you would move  
In procession becoming your state,  
Your loyal subjects would take their stand  
To have a view of a monarch great.

Being deprived of the royal sight  
They would take it to their heart,  
They pray you king to stand for a while  
When loud voices do but burst.

While proceeding to Mathura leaving Braja  
Hari, the God, in days of yore,  
'All the females did but weep  
At the thought of separation to endure.

Like a stone and like a steel  
Madhab did not speak a word.  
They touched the horse and touched the wheel.  
Dragged the car which went onward.

They kissed the ground and rolled thron  
Bitterly weeping heavily sighing,  
Pangs of separation did they feel  
And the car of Akrur went mocking.

Such your subjects are in grief  
Losing the late king your father dear  
His mantle falls upon you now  
To love the people, should be your care.

Your father was a virtuous king  
In infancy his heart did melt,  
At the age of five he felt for others  
When three dwarfs came and knelt.

Oh what sincere gen'rous heart,  
To feel so greatly for the needy  
Gave the precious golden chain  
They looked at him with looks so greedy.

In fear they could not take the chain  
The queen mother came at last  
Told them smiling they need not fear  
In gratefulness their hearts did burst.

They knelt and bowed and took the chain  
The Vault of Buckingham did resound.  
With thanks and cheers for Prince of Wales  
In ecstasy of joy their hearts did bound.

May God ordain said the Queen  
My son may be of gentle mood,  
To feel for poor, to help the needy  
For ever bent to actions good.



Once in town of Millford Haven

When for trip the Prince A'-sailed  
A common man to shake his hand

In faltering voice his wish expressed

The sincere prince who knew no pride

With smiling face did take his hand  
Embracing like a brother dear.

Filled with surprise all the land.

When reading in the Trinity College

What patience did his mind did show.  
Without a carriage and a servant

The Prince of Wales had once to go.

Not at all oppressed within

Though shower'd he had on his way  
His clothes were wet, his body too.

A loaf shop by the rood side lay,

An aged female was its owner  
An umbrella did he ask of her,  
What she gave was a rotten one  
Such a thing for such a shower.

The Prince was grateful at his heart,  
Her goodness he would bear in mind ;  
Being wet all o'er he went his home  
A servant did he send behind.

On reaching to the loaf-shop soon  
The servant said "oh madam dear,  
The Prince returns the umbrella you gave  
And thanks you with a heart sincere."

“Take this guinea the Prince does give

“For the goodness you have shown.”

“I could give a silken one—

It was the Prince, Oh, had I known.”

On the steamship *Barcufrey*

For America the Prince did stur,

He roamed all over, won the heart

Of the people who loved him dear.

Once he went to the burial place

To pay respect to Washington,

Who freed the land and left a name

An almond plant on the grave was sown.

The growth of tree will put to mind  
And men will think of freedom more,  
How great and noble the Prince had been  
What magnificent heart he bore.

• His cordial welcome to his guests  
Was such as would impress the mind,  
His graceful manners won the hearts  
To lame and blind he was always kind.

His motor car he once did stop .  
To lend his hand to a shrieking blind,  
The London street being crowded much  
To other path he had none to guide.

He knew of politics, letters and arts,  
In this world wide march of mind,  
In acquiring knowledge pure and true  
He was never left behind.

Always prompt at duty's call  
Care he took for subjects' good,  
By expansion of trade and agriculture,  
By good rule as monarchs should.

Such a noble powerful king  
Is much lamented in the land,  
With you, Oh Prince, we share grief  
But mind it is a divine hand.

Do not weep, Oh Queen mother,  
Though widow you have been of late,  
Thy loss is dearer yet in this transient world  
We think you, mother, fortunate.

To continue the Royal line  
You have son and grandson fair,  
Your life is holy, great and pure  
Accept my greetings hearty and sincere

When Oh prince ! you visited Ind  
Your subjects were in cheerful heart,  
To see you again in your coronation  
An unspeakable pleasure in emotion burst.

As you succeed to the famous throne,  
Your responsibility is vast and great,  
Forsaking all the childhood pleasures  
Keep to the letter the royal state.

In this battlefield of mighty kingdom,  
You are a general with sword of virtue ;  
Let good rule be thy only armour  
And good thoughts your soldiers true.

No longer you are our brother dear,  
You are parent, by becoming king ;  
The Indian subjects are ever loyal  
Think them your sons, Oh mighty being.

The famous rule of Rama is passed.

It sheds its lustre in vault of memory ;

We pray that your subjects may always say

Both these happy rules be compared in history.

She who was your grandmother dear

Her name has been a household word,

A goddess came in human form

To rule the people in mortal world.

She is gone—that gracious queen,

Leaving a name that shall never die ;

Her patience, virtues are our topics

And her queen-like graces high.



Methink she has left a garden great  
With flowery plants and fruit laden trees,  
A garden which is rare in the earth  
Where sucks in happiness several bees.

You are the only garden-keeper,  
Let thy care be to keep it well,  
Let every soul be pleased at heart,  
Let peace and bounty ever dwell.

Simple and sincere is your heart  
How freely did you with sailors mix,  
With what endurance you learnt their work,  
How did your precious life you risk.

The sailors were your comrades dear,  
You did not like their flattering terms,  
Indifferent of your noble lineage,  
Your kingly virtues, kingly charms.

While learning in earnest naval arts  
He used to work as sailors did,  
Free from pride, as Frederick says,  
He revealed his lofty mind indeed.

Once while working on board the ship  
In Salonica, a famous sea-port town,  
Coal was the only cargo the vessel to load,  
And the Prince was busy with sailors down.

The Turkish Pasha came to see,  
He found the Prince in Sailor's state,  
He was at a loss to make him out  
With greater surprise the Prince he met.

On ascending the Royal throne  
With solemn oath did the Prince declare,  
To win the hearts of thousand people  
Their joys and sorrows he would share.

"I pray to God to give me strength  
The kingly duties to fulfill,  
Following the rare examples of my last ancestors  
Whose endearing voices I hear still."

“I will give hearing to all who say  
Wise counsel for subjects’ good ;  
My consort will I do believe  
Lend her assistance as she should.”

May Queen Mary pass her days  
With uninterrupted happiness, the poet prays,  
With due respect and sincere wish  
I lay before you my humble lays.

In Guildhall meeting you told of Ind,  
“It is a fair pleasant land  
Meek and loyal the subjects are,  
I remember those well-behaved band.

I praise their virtues, loyalty rare  
I would treat them as my sons ;  
The mutual love will make us great,  
Let the whole world merrily dance.

Great are thy virtues, Oh ye king !  
On you do rest our life and wealth,  
Worthy son of a worthy father  
With befitting honours we drink your health.

The sun never sets in your kingdom wide,  
Yours is now the peacock throne ;  
Precious diamond, seagirt isles  
Let them shine as they shone.

Let thy glory stand for ever  
Like the powerful sun on high ;  
May the fortune smile on you  
Like the moon in yonder sky.

- The welfare of thousand people  
Repose in thy benevolent hand ;  
May our prayers reach the Heaven  
In peace you might rule the land.

Your father's virtues shine in you,  
May your Majesty live long in pea  
May your fame spread all over  
May you be in eternal bliss.

Accept, Oh king, this humble ballad  
The poor widow with devotion lays,  
Your favour she would value most,  
And for your peace she ever prays.

Finis











